

Doe Eyes

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Doe Eyes

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Looking up at him with rounded eyes – eyes finally allowing the tears to skim over his lash line, wetting his under bags. A combination of a sob and a scoff, “Dream!” A hiccup as his insides burned for any form of touch.

Dream ignores him again, eyes roaming the slender boy like some sort of live-action porno to jack off to, like an object not worthy of his time. George catches his bruised lip to stop the tremble, rutting his hips into nothingness with a broken whine. Every vein in his body screaming–unknown butterflies grazing up his esophagus, “No don't–”

“Keep crying for me George, see how far it gets you,” Dream cut himself off as the brunete hitched his breath – slim hands trashing to get loose, to which Dream snickers at, “That's it, just like that,” squeezing his flushed tip, pumping faster. Brown eyes watch with dread as more pre-cum dripped out from the bigger man's cock, “Keep looking desperate and needy for me, it's gonna help me cum faster.”

Feeling tears graze his cupid's bow, “Please don't, don't cum.”

George likes being controlled by Dream a bit too much, words slip out.

Notes

go to horny jail, after the fingering it just escalates idk how it happened, i worked so hard on this, no plot just kinky sex

“What do you mean you've never done it?”

His companion for the night– *Dream* –mocked with the golden laced laugh he's gotten so familiar with over the past few days, walking in the door with a crinkle to his eye.

The two men had met up at various different places, gone on small get-togethers and these niche little dates. He himself has never been this date-kind-guy, brown cocoa eyes rather luring his preys in – coxing delicate people to bed, a quick fix to get his dick wet.

Now, however, this boy who looks like the human embodiment of a puppy stand before him. Dream had walked up to him at a bar some weeks ago, and rather than sleeping with the blond, they talked.

And he didn't *do* talking.

But rose flushed cheeks dotted with freckles and strawberry hues, jade irises glinting with admiration had George saying yes.

The agreement was out of pure lust, and he knows it's reciprocated ten-fold back. Hungry gazes and wandering eyes, not paying attention to anything else except the other person's body.

George made a habit out of watching the expanse of bronzed skin whenever it got presented, like a greedy cat waiting for its owner to come home with food. Stealing glances at the man's sun-kissed torso when his shirt would ride teasingly up. Observing tan hands flexing – tendons and veins protruding grabbing a hold of the remote control.

It drove him insane.

George would have gotten his cock sucked already if it wasn't for the blond's gag of taking it slow. He's sure the other loved teasing – to play this sexually frustrating mind game. Dream wasn't out after falling in love or tying George down with a ring, it was all this little back-and-forth of who would break first.

It drove Dream insane too.

Lustful eyes linger on George's legs when he opens the door– *every time without fail* –wearing simple boring boxers and an oversized hoodie. Jade burns holes in his backside when he bends down to pick something irrelevant up. Dainty hands running up the expanse of his own milky thigh daringly – up to rest on his stomach under his hoodie – while laying opposite of Dream on the couch, exposing a slither of a softly toned abdomen, bulge and ass in perfect view in those skin-tight boxers. Making the man look at George splaying himself out, rather than the boring television.

He could appreciate it in a way.

Their faux conversations pretending they didn't want to rip the other to shreds, made them actually get to know each other – got to know what the other *liked* , how their mannerisms were.

So the lonely nights jerking off would all be worth it. Or, it would when that fire of tension between them flares up, getting to fuck the man whose name would dripp of his tongue while making a mess of himself under silken sheets. The sex is always better with people you know, and he knew that.

And that's exactly what happened.

“Idiot,” George huffed, ripping his hoodie off, bedroom door falling shut with a gush of air hitting him, “Trust me, I fucked my fair share, just never *been* fucked.” Cocoa in George's eyes melting off to chocolate and mixing seductively with jade when he caught the eyes of the blond again – irises glinting with lust, basking in a speckle of desperation, the desperation of finally getting to feel the other fully.

Dream hastily stripped out of his own confinements as he captures George's wrist, pulling him in for another lingering kiss, tongues barely grazing as he rips away as fast as it came – shamefully chasing the blond's cherry mouth.

“You mean you never bottomed?”

Letting out a horse confirmation getting pulled down by his waist, rough sizable fingers skimming over his ribs making hairs stand, skin tingling with muted pink where the blond touched, “I always do the fucking.” He plainly states, caging sun-bronzed thighs on the bed, half-filled erections knocking into each other.

“You wanna try then?” Dream asked while the brunet blindly reached his bed-stand for lube with an extended arm.

He did want to try it .

His sex life was great, he got to watch beautiful men and women squirm oh-so innocently on his cock. But he can’t deny how he imagines himself in that scenario every time, jealous of how they whimper with eyes rolled back in their skull, laying there holding on for dear life as George slams into their golden spot.

How it would feel to be controlled, to be taken apart by the mercy of someone else's hands.

To be used like he's worthless.

“Yes, fuck, I do.” Hitting the blond on his chest with a small clear bottle, studying him with blown-out pupils, how sandy strands fell to shape his face, that same rose-tinted color seeping under his freckles again, “Like, actually.”

“You’re so fucking sexy–”

“Did you just call me *sexy* ?” George laughed, interrupting him immediately.

Biting back a grin, ivory flashing behind honey lips as Dream flips them over, murmuring as he does so, “I could call you a mess,” the sentence comes out as a silent question they both knew the answer to, looming over the smaller man, slim legs spread to fit the bigger, Georges smooth inner thighs rubbing against Dreams outer ones, “I could call you filthy, a slut.”

All that was heard from the brunet was a choked sound before Dream continued, “Just didn’t know how *lewd* you wanted me to be.” Subtle lips teasing a spot under George’s ear.

The words strike his chest, flaring up hot pink that makes him warm while the other travels further down to mouth on the side of a pale throat, lips encasing his skin – butt-ends of Dreams fangs tickle his flesh where he was sucking slightly, sending sparks of arousal down his spine.

Feeling up the taller man's sides, how a toned torso flexed under skimming fingers, George huffed out, “Shit–yeah? I’m tired of doing it to other people.”

The blond let out a hum, swirling his tongue on the newly forming bruise – the smaller man’s breath cut short by the action, bucking his hips up feeling Dreams cock stiffening by the second over him. A golden tongue running from the new mark, awfully slow down to the brunets collar bones, wounding his neck wet and messy, cool air hitting the moisture.

“I wanna fucking ruin you, George.”

The words make his jaw clench as canines bite down on him again, head falling back with a sound – chocolate strands of hair splaying beautifully in contrast to the white cotton of the pillow.

“Please do.”

Dreams sinful mouth travels lower, licking from prominent collar bones over to George’s chest, blowing a warm breath on his pink buds making them stiffen in attention before he circled his tongue around the areola – teasingly dragging over his nipple.

George has never been simply aroused by having his nipples played with, regardless his cock twitches when Dream gently pulls the bundle between his teeth, sending sparks of electricity throughout his veins, enjoying the feeling of something hard tugging on them with a moan getting caught in his throat.

Losing himself to the pleasure as Dream speaks, voice back to his caring one, “But,” he started, silk lips leaving a peck in the middle of his sternum, “It’s your first time, I have to prep you good–”

“I know how to prep, I do it to people all the time–”

Huffing Dream cuts him off, “Do you finger yourself?” Continuing his path down George’s torso, sucking and licking over the slightly defined, yet soft muscles on his tummy, leaving the brunet almost whining as he flushed crimson at the question. The teasing tongue on his body made his skin itch with irritation, cock laying desperate and moist by his navel.

He had tried exploring with himself. Lonely nights lubing up his fingers, wanting to know what all the fuzz is about – wanting to find that stupid golden spot everyone seems to love.

Every time it came out unsuccessful, it could feel arousing, sure, but he didn’t hit where he wanted. So he said just that, “I tried a couple of times, just, I just don’t see the appeal.”

Dream halts, and Georges’s cock screams.

Looking up with hooded eyes he rested his chin on George's midsection, furrow to his golden brow as that beautiful dance of cocoa and jade eyes happened again, “What? Do you not like it?” The brunet's length bumped into the blond's chest from the position, it was filthy.

George sank a row of teeth into his bottom lip, leaning his head back with a grunt to not look at the expectant green piercing him, “I don’t know, I-I didn’t get that, y’know, *immense pleasure* everyone is hyping up.” Sentiment coming out a little hostile without meaning to.

The other didn’t seem to care about the brunet's attitude – understanding where it’s coming from. Placing his palm onto George's knee, provokingly gliding it down his inner thigh while he spoke, voice getting darker again, “Did you not manage to hit the right *places* , George?” Dream’s palm felt harsh on his skin, leaving exciting tingles. The hand spread his legs wider as the blond moved down the bed, situating himself between them, everything George had to offer in perfect display for hungry jade.

“No, *fuck* , I didn’t,” George admitted, accent getting thicker as his heart started hammering, feeling pulsing in his fingertip. Faint sparks of nerves mixing with the erotic pink that was consuming him, having Dreams eyes studying him where dainty legs were spread, being so intimate – *so close* to where he wanted his golden mouth to roam.

“You didn’t think to fuck yourself on a toy?” The blond asks with a taunt, voice coarse and teasing around the edges. Leaning to flick his tongue once in the bend right between George’s inner thigh and junk, making the smaller squirm with a huff, hips almost trembling trying not to buck into the

touch.

“You didn’t think something bigger than your posh little fingers might have,” pausing his sentence to lick a stripe over a pale shaven pubic bone, millimeters away from where George’s flushed cock lay aching. His length glided across a freckled cheek as Dream teased a greedy tongue on the area *around* where he wanted it, “Might have made you feel good?”

Clenching his fist to not break. A deep intake listing to honey tease.

The blond’s breath hit the corona of his cock when talking, a phantom reminder of what he could have, “Might have hit your prostate?” He almost jumped when a subtle wet tongue dragged over his tip once, breath stuttering over Dream’s muffled words, lightly ghosting his taunting lips down over George’s shaft, vibrating the brunets cock, “Cause god, George, hitting that is... *holy shit.* ”

He felt like fucking crying.

He hasn’t felt this aroused in ages, the man’s voice, his words, *the fucking teasing* , “Dream, *shit* _”

Still not looking down between his legs, but feeling dark eyes watching him. Boiling pink washing over his body, whole gut tingling as Dream *fucking* spits down on his cock before dragging the head in his mouth. Like all the air had been punched out of his lungs when a cherry tongue ran over his slit – down under his cock-head, while he moved his mouth to suck around. Never taking him down fully, just playing with the flushed tip in his mouth.

Chocolate sweet moans fell over his lips, it was high-pitched and weak – weak over finally feeling heat around him, “ *Jesus fuck*, you turn me on.” George honestly mumbled, tangling an elegant hand in golden locks, the other on the pillow behind him – gripping it as Dream laughed around his length, tongue still exploring, tasting the salty pre-cum glossing over the tip.

Letting out a shaky breath – almost whining when much to the smaller man’s dismay, he pulled off awfully fast.

“Do I now?” Dream roused.

“Fuck you.” George spat back, pulse hammering fuchsia in his ears.

The blond tsks resting his head on top of a slender thigh, the brunet still holding on to his sandy tufts as if it was a lifeline. Tone changing demeanor again to this caring one, “I know we talked about sex and kinks, but, what are your limits?” Voice drops a tiny bit as he bites delicately down on doll skin, “Cause you have a fucking attitude.”

George's heart flips in excitement at the words, cock likewise. Clearing his throat he finally locks eyes with the other again, pupils blown to the point there's hardly any jade left, “I'm, *fuck* – fine with anything, you know that.” And he was, he liked a little shoving around in bed, and getting put in place sounds like the exact thing he's been looking for.

Dark eyes narrowed, bringing up his other hand where he was still holding onto the bottle of lube, “‘*Anything is fine*’ isn't an answer, George.” Dreams thumb flick on the bottle and the cap flies off with a click.

Lungs stuttering on the intake watching it happen, letting out a soft, “It is though, break me.”

The blond ran a tongue under his top lip, a smile on his face – a cocky smirk if you will, flashing pearly white. “Tug you?” Dream asked like a switch had been flipped, his voice murky again, pouring some clear lube onto his pointer and middle finger, gliding them together with his thumb to warm it.

“Yes.” Is all he hums back, watching a tan hand lower – disappearing out of sight for cocoa eyes.

Sun-kissed voice dropping an octave with every question, “Throw you around?”

He half whines in agreement, “Use me.” Every nerve in his body screaming – fucking begging to just feel the other, pink fuzz attacking his lungs, seeping into his bloodstream making it hard to breathe.

“Spit on your cock while I fuck you?”

A pulse of arousal washing over again at the words, warmth spreading up to his scalp, “Dream ple–”

“Spank you, George? Could I slap you?”

He actually lets out a whimper at that, clenching his jaw, never breaking his gaze, refusing to. They had talked about this before in remarks of old hook-ups – yet another discussion they had to rail each other up, talking about sex was one of their favorite pass times. Sharing stories about kinky stuff to get the other man's mind thinking.

Dream definitely knew what he was doing.

And so did George.

“Yes, *oh my god*,” bucking his hips once, still the other didn't move a muscle, “Just don’t make me bleed.”

The blond choughs at that, losing that dominant facade, “Of course not, *what* , George, I was talking about hitting your ass, not–”

“Dream. I’m so fucking horny, please.” He cut him off, tired of the teasing, how the man's honey words swirled in his head. Letting out a shaky moan when teeth sink into alabaster skin again, not like the previous nibbles, this had more fire behind it, sending him reeling down a pink void. It wasn't a tingle of pain, it was more-so a hard pressure threatening to bruise his skin, turning into even more lust.

“Watch it.”

Soothing his tongue over the bite, small indents of teeth marks left behind, kissing tenderly, way too sweet for the words being uttered, “Let us relax a bit, yeah?”

Georges face contorted in all different shades of confusion before Dream spoke again with a little perk to his lips, eyes glinting, “It's your first time taking dick, so *you* need to relax your body, angel.”

Grumbling but knowing the other is right, knowing evidently well how to do it to someone else, “Ok, shit,” before mumbling a mocking *angel* in afterthought, the other didn’t seem to catch it.

“Imma touch you—just massage you, I won't push in.”

George just gave an eager nod, “Go for it.” Anticipation making him heated, a coral flush spreading from his cheeks down to his neck, making them prickle with fuzz, tips of his ears flashing crimson as well.

Feeling a warm wet fingertip hit his rim, cocoa eyes drowning in desperation as he breaks the hypnotizing green gaze, throwing his head back. The finger started circling oh-so-slowly, gently massaging the outside like he'd said he would, "Fuck, such a pretty hole."

Lifting his forearm over his eyes, hand in Dream's hair starting to caress almost like a nervous tick, not caring for the other's cliché dirty talk. Trying to not think of the wetness running over his muscle, the feeling itself was slightly thrilling, but not quite there.

He could tell he was tense, so he took some shallow breaths before there was warmth around his cock again – Dream's lips running all over, moving his tongue in tandem with his mouth, lazily sucking on George's tip as a distraction.

Mouth permanently opened with no sound coming out, speechless and overwhelmed by the pink dancing in him, how the man's honey tongue ran over his slit then back down to circle under the head – fingers circling his rim harder trying to loosen him before he had to stick a finger in, it was all wet, *so wet* .

"Your fucking tongue." George let out in a half grunt half moan, provoking the blond to flatten it around a flushed cock head, let the expanse of his dripping tongue glide across the length in his mouth while sucking on the top part of George's dick.

Finally letting out a pitched sound from all sensations, body relaxing into the mattress as his vision stays obscured by his forearm. Hand on his thigh starting to fondle, squeeze, just feeling him up softly, “Fuck.” He chokes, wanting to buck his hips and fuck down the blond's tight throat, rather than just teasing spit-slick lips at the top.

Like he had read George's thoughts the blond took more of him, lips sinking down to the middle of his shaft, plush tongue running all over, up and down. Only to realize it was a big fat distraction, as a singular fingertip sinks in making him groan. Still, he focused on the light knock of Dream's fangs against the veins on his cock, how his lips tighten to suck a little harder.

Torn between wanting the man to get off his cock and talk to him, or wanting his toxic-sweet mouth eating him up.

The finger got to the second knuckle before he felt his body start resisting the intrusion, Dream ever so skillfully pulled the finger fully out when he felt the resistance, giving George's body time to recover. Continuing toying with the brunet's cock, he tried again, pushing in, and when it would tighten he waited a moment before tactfully removing his pointer. Slowly working to loosen the muscle while George tried to not let his desperation show.

Dream kept doing it until he could slip the finger in and out with relative ease, pulling off George's cock with a last flick of his tongue, leaning down to leave a sloppy kiss to his tummy, "There you go, good." Voice dripping with lust and determination, sucking on the flesh right under the pale man's navel. Georges muscles flexing under his mouth, leaning into his warmth with a quiet whine. Eyes permanently shut as his body starts buzzing from all the attention with small sounds.

The intrusion felt nothing special – plainly felt like a finger prodding inside him, fuchsia goosebumps rose when a tan pointer dragged across his outer rim with every weak thrust, "It just feels like a finger in my–"

"Don't get an attitude right now," Dreams tone was commanding, sending specks of faux venom flying from his syllables, settling in George's chest, making him bite down on the subtle skin of his bottom lip. Finger circling inside him, loosening him more, "I would love to deal with your foul mouth, but I need you to relax for me."

He went to respond before a second digit started teasing up against him, squirming with a choked sound as it slid beside the other digit. Thighs straining from the slight shock, it wasn't nearly as bad as he expected, faint maroon tingles burning around his rim. Years of lying delicate boys down in cotton sheets, spreading them open with his pale fingers: he's experienced worse reactions.

"So tight for me, George." Dream relaxed his pace even more, everything had been awfully slow – gentle almost.

Bringing his head down towards Georges crotch, fingers starting to test the limits – sinking them all the way in making the brunet's nose wrinkle, uncomfortable feeling of two fingers going deeper. Everything goes a little faster – but not harder, as a golden tongue licks over George's perineum, hiccupping as the wetness travels to his scrotum – before gently sucking in one of his balls.

He would say it was a risk fondling a man's balls, seeing as it's not everyone's cup of tea.

Luckily for Dream, George whines out as the warmth engulfed his sack, “Dream–jesus.”

It was unexpected, but oh-so welcomed, shivering when the blond’s mouth retreats, cool air hitting the newly moist area. Bucking his hips wanting to feel more, making the blond chuckle before lowering – soft pink tongue flicking over the rim, spitting down on the thigh muscle where the digits were going at a mediocre pace. A mixture of lube and spit seeping down his crack, creating a small wet spot on the dark sheets.

It was so fucking dirty.

He loved it.

“Keep relaxing like this, and I’ll make you feel good,” Dream mumbled the last part as he brings a callous hand to hold George’s hips down, squeezing on his hip bone. A masochistic want to be bruised run ramped in the brunets skull, wanting magenta and carmine splotches painted over his skin. Moaning out, gripping the pillow harder, fingers scissoring with more passion, wet sounds with small breaths dancing around the sinful room.

Almost hitting Dream with his hand when a sudden spark flew throughout his body like an arousing electric shock, choking out a high-pitched, “*Oh my god.*” Warm pink spread over shuddering hips as a second spark hit his gut right after the first, and over and over again. Letting out his first genuine moan as the hot fuchsia traveled down to his toes, up to the tip of his head making him tingle, gut tightening with tickling butterflies.

“There you go.” Is all Dream said, voice the darkest he’s heard it yet, hints – no, *massive* amounts of lustful hunger laced behind the American accent. Arm picking up speed, angling to the brunet’s golden spot with every brush, other hand digging blunt nails into the smaller man’s hip bone, leaving crimson indents.

Finally deciding to look down at the other – squinting his eyes at first, getting used to the light. Moans poured over his lips like hot chocolate, he couldn’t control what he was vocalizing, mouth living its own life as pink shock waves tickled his gut at every thrust.

He’s never been the loudest in bed. In pornos and people he’s bedded they always made sounds, thinking it was all for putting on an exaggerated show – now, however, he couldn’t help how his own tongue drowned in whimpers.

Locking eyes with Dream. He had this cocky smirk plastered over his face, heavy eyes looking at cocoa irises back – sandy bangs swaying in front of the jade-piercing ones with every shake of the bed, “Taking it so well, George.” Rolling a honey-laced tongue under his top lip when he started going faster, and finally *harder*, “So, so good, gonna feel so good to fucking ruin you.”

Brown eyes fluttering, breaking the gaze trying to come out with a coherent sentence, all falling out in a spew of desperation. Every time he opens his mouth he’s cut off by even harder thrusts, “Dre–fuck, you–ple–”

“Words, use them.”

Eyes threatening to fill with gloss in pure frustration, boiling pink cribbling every possible nerve ending, feeling like his cock was getting consistently edged from the inside. A pulse washes over him and a pump of salty pre-cum drips out from his slit, seeping down his head before making a puddle by his navel.

“Can I call you sexy now?” Dream teased, leaning down to lick at the sticky clear-white spot on his stomach, fingers finding a brain-numbing speed. Georges’s moans and whines cut each other off with a new sound every ticking second. The blond ran his tongue under the corona George’s cock head, leaving a messy kiss to his shaft before sucking the tip slightly, “Cause, god, you’re so hot.”

“Holy sh–”

The colors in the room started heating, rapid heartbeat in his ears almost deafening out his own sounds. Starting to get used to the man’s golden fingers, and wanting *more* – skin yelling at him *needing* more. Pushing his hips down to meet Dream’s hand, shamefully trying to get them further in.

With a tsk, jade eyes glinting in a snide manner, “Look at you, you this fucking *needy* already?”

The constant stimulation of his prostate, feeling like his cock is filling getting coxed with nerves from the inside. Snapping his eyes up to meet the blond, waterline moist with pink arousal, pupils blowing unnaturally wide, “It–*fuck* –it feels like, like–” Georges stammers out.

Dreams grin grew impossibly more watching how the smaller tried to hold a conversation.

Choking on a moan at a particularly hard thrust, the brunet tries again, eyes roaming all over a sun-kissed chest – light sheen with salt painted over his pecs, “Plea—it feels like I need, *need* to cum—but not really? *Oh my god.*”

Throwing his head back in the pillow with a grunt, “I don’t know how to—”

The other stays quiet with an amused perk to his brow, hand slowing as he rises to his knees – sitting down on his legs folded, harshly grabbing a hold of the brunet’s calves with an iron hold – dragging him down the bed, hoisting up his pale hips to rest on his bronzed thighs, a beautiful contrast.

The position made him cave, quavering left leg thrown over Dream's shoulder. Ass elevated slightly, the only area touching the bed was from his lower back and up. Having half a mind to scramble for the conclusion that putting a pillow under his back-side would have worked – no time to voice it as one of Dream’s hands grabbed his waist *hard*. A warm hand pressing him down to the mattress, knocking the air out of him, “Stay. Be good.”

Adam’s apple bobbing, biting back a lustful whimper, “Yes. Yes, Dream.” Throat fucked out, not giving half a mind to why he addressed the man so formally – not really caring either, coughing.

Dream didn’t tell George where to move, he simply manhandled him with a dark gaze – throwing him where he wanted, holding him in place like he was some sort of toy only for Dream to play with. Even if it was *George* who got the pleasure out of this – the blond was still the one controlling in the physical sense.

The notion left him feeling needy for more.

“Such a *desperate* mess,” a gravelly voice echoed throughout the room, “You get one taste and you become a slut,” Dream grinned as he started thrusting his arm again, “A pliant whore.” Flicking his eyes up to cocoa irises before back down on the brunet’s length, “You have a pretty cock though,” spitting down George's leaned belly, making him choke on a pink gasp, “So flushed and hard.”

“Dre-mh.” Mouth feeling like cotton, fuzz shooting through his veins as golden fingers graze his prostate dead on. This position making it so much more intense, *so deep*, the other man laying that gentle behavior dead.

Trembling hands still holding on the white pillow behind him, almost ripping the feather softness

to shreds when Dream neared an ungodly pace, ribcage shaking from the brutal force of his heartbeat. Brown eyes flutter as they roll back to his skull, head going limp just bouncing in tandem with Dreams arm.

Mumbled–slurry words fell out, trying to voice this euphoria of finally getting to know what it's like to be stimulated by someone. How every push of his nerve bundle sends a pink wave of a borderline orgasmic feeling up to his gut where his bladder would have been, down back to his length that lay leaking. Tan digits edging his cock from the inside, falsely telling him he's on the brink of ecstasy – before bliss disappears then quickly rushing back over and over with every hit.

Letting out a dry sob, feeling goosebumps rise alongside his fucking scalp, “I–fuck–I think Imma cum, I don’t, don’t know–”

“Look at you,” Dream rasps out, chuckling slightly as he presses George harder down to the bed, leaving handprints on his waist. The brunet’s words make the blond push even deeper, slamming in calculated until the webs between his fingers hit his rim. Sounding a little breathless from the heavy movement, “So filthy, George, do you even notice I’m three fingers in right now?” It's not meant as a question, but a honey-laced tease.

Choking some sounds with no meaning, everything tightens again, looking up with glossy eyes. Area where his cock lay bouncing making his lower abdomen sticky, porcelain skin shining under wet sweaty arousal.

“Use your fucking voice, George.” Dream ordered, voice venomous.

Living in the bliss of a constant orgasmic feeling, but never coming, everything feels deep pink around him – like he's falling into his own world with the crumbling in his stomach, “Pl’s.” He breathes out, every muscle in his body flexing and straining.

Internally he hates himself for how he never gave this a shot earlier. How getting his dick wet could never compare – they were both good obviously, he loved making other people feel good as well. But *this*, was the feeling of cumming inside a pretty person, just ten folds more intense and constant, this never-ending fucking brink between cloud nine and earth.

A grunt brings him back, Dreams fingers stilling as deep as possible inside the brunet, making him hiccup, voice horse and slurry, “N-no! Please! I’ll do anything, just–”

The blond looks impressed, just in shock over how the smaller man's mannerisms had changed over the past hour. Biting back a toothy grin Dream shifted his fingers to rest right on top of the bundle of nerves, starting gently massaging the golden spot with circular motions, and George actually felt his eyes start to blur this time, a mix between a whimper and moan falls out as his lash line wets.

Jade eyes rounded out, cheeks flushed pretty rose again under subtle freckles, looking in awe—like a puppy getting a treat, prodding more at the nerve.

Voice rough and degrading, not matching the dazzled look shining on his face, “You fucking begging to me, George?” Delivering a singular hard thrust with his fingers, making the brunet jerk with a whine as a frustrated tear falls over, leaving a moist trail down a crimson cheek, tethering his jawline before dropping over his faintly marked throat, “Get fingered for the first time, and you *beg* ? *Unprovoked* ? ”

Stimulation buzzing steadily, his cock and rectum pulsating as if he'd just had an orgasm – even if he never did. Still, it leaks and twitches in waves, so pretty pink on the boy's lower abdomen as his chest heaved. The blond's dark taunting words bouncing inside of his skull.

If the man's fingers felt this good, he could only imagine what his—

“Fuck me,” Georges croaks out, trying to sound as commanding as possible, to which the blond clicks his tongue mockingly. Removing his fingers from inside the smaller, bring it down to slap on George's inner thigh sending pink warm tingles – the brunet jolts, before smiling cheekily up at the other daring him to do it again. Like he's regained consciousness, not in the haze of pure bliss, wanting to tease him more by letting out a joking–mocking, “ *Sir* .”

Green eyes snap up at the words, forehead twitching in contemplation as irises filled with an unreadable shine. Dream stutters his breath before playing it all off with a scoff, “You're such an Idiot.”

Slender thighs getting hoisted into tan hands once again, lifting George up to flip them around, falling back with a bounce he positions the brunet on top of himself, sitting against the headboard. Eager hands slowly ran up a pale chest, dragging up his throat before capturing his chin, yanking him to keep their faces close.

George rested his arms on the taller man's shoulders trying to catch his breath, tension-filled gazes exchanged – this newfound, cryptic, shy tension, “Don't call me an idiot.” The brunet rasps out, eyes round and blown out.

Dream tightened the hold he had on George's chin, leaning forward to capture the smaller man's bit-swollen lip between his fangs, displaying a row of shiny ivory, letting out a wet sound when it snapped back. Hands roaming the brunet's lower back leaving burning fuzz with his fingertips – dipping down to grab ahold of the fat on his ass at points, "You are an idiot, though."

Looking down between them where their bodies were connected, no surprise when he saw two angry cocks, "How come?" George meekly asked, studying how Dream's length curved slightly to the left, the girth – how his tip was just as wet and flushed as George's own.

"We finally fuck after weeks of teasing," Dream began, running his tongue over George's sharp jaw, probably tasting of that one bitter tear that fell, "The first time we have sex, you call me fucking *sir* when I'm three fingers deep in you?" The brunet's stomach flipped feeling teeth scrape the side of his throat, "So yes, you're an idiot, you can't just say that when you fuck someone new...idiot."

Deciding to push the conversation a little further, breath laboring seeing the man stammer like this. Some barely unnoticeable excitement sitting deep within his chest, hidden away. Catching his bottom lip, rounding out his eyes to look up at him – cheeks prickling warmth so he knew they were flushed.

"You called me a *slut* the first time you prepped me..." He saw Dream's eyes haze at the words. George bit his lips harder to not break into an embarrassed grin, "...If I'm not mistaken, sir." Finally letting out a laugh over how lewd the words he just uttered were, humiliation seeping in his pours, mouth stuck up-turned never breaking his doe-eyed gaze.

Jade green dilated, scanning eyes all over the brunet's expression as Dream shifts his hips up – making their erections knock with a hiss, reminding them painfully aware how hard they both were *still*. Dream swallows out a shaky tsk, Adam's apple bobbing with a voice rumbling deep in his chest, "You, you into that or something?"

It somehow made the hairs of his nape stand in a venture, the conversation topic was just *interesting*, he told himself, nothing else, "N-no," regretting the words slightly, perking the tips of his brows grinding forwards to rub their cocks more, a little breathless, "Are you?"

A sinful gold tongue flicks out to wet his lips, clearing his throat, "I-I mean, of course not." Dream squeezed down *hard* on George's lower back, starting to manhandle the boy's hips to grind faster. Staring the brunet down with this stern look on his face almost challenged George to respond.

His skin frizzed from the mean glint behind jade irises, more exciting than getting fingered by the man, new butterflies forming – roaming up his esophagus, “I like when you,” cutting himself off with a whine their cocks knocking again, his length poking Dreams lower abdomen with every thrust. Breath hitching as he broke the authority ridden gaze, looking down at their tangled thighs to talk, “I like when you control me, so, like, I-I–”

Dream leaned his head against the headboard, capturing George's jaw in his palm – forcing eye contact. The man looked even darker leaned back like this, almost bored, looking down at George over his freckled nose, a little twinkle, “You really coming out of your shell, George, don’t get shy now.”

Sizable thumb gliding over George's bottom lip as the smaller spoke, smearing spit to the corners of his mouth, “Don’t you wanna use me too, though?” Parting his swollen lips to pull the blond's thumb in, sucking on it once before speaking around the intrusion. Brown eyes lasciviously staring up, not knowing how to word the new feelings sprouting, “I want to be used by you, I’m so tired of commanding other people all the time,” swirling his tongue on the man's fingertip – pulling off, “Want to be good for you in a– in a way. Wanna make you happy.”

Dream fluttered his eyes, licking over his fangs before clenching his jaw, blunt nails digging into the brunet's spine, “Stop talking–you’re talking with your sex brain.” Voice coarse and uneven, eyes still closed shut when he ghosted their lips together.

Sucking Dreams bottom lip gently, voice dropping an octave himself, “Well, we are having sex.” He felt his cock twitch and pump out a singular drop of pre-cum from all the new talk, with a sound he ground forward faster – the tip of his length making a mess on Dreams lower abdomen.

The blond took a deep intake, “Then be good and sit on my cock.”

Air getting punched out of his lungs at the words and tone, worrying his bottom lip between ivory looking for lube right away – picking up the clear bottle. Gut churning pink, pouring out soft liquid, making a big puddle in his palm. Looking up towards Dream gliding both his hands together to warm it. The tension behind their gazes had upped a ten-fold, this new aura around them.

“Would it make you happy if I lubed your cock?”

Dreams breathe hitches, fingernails threatening to break skin on a pale back. Like a warning, a warning of how George's compliant words affect him. “Behaving so good today, huh, George?” He basked in the glory of this power imbalance slowly building before him, how he wanted the other to use him – both men grazing the edge of no return in this game.

Grabbing the base of Dreams cock with both his slender hands – fingers wrapping around the base, wanting to whine from just the weight under his hand, dragging all the way to the top, running a palm over the tip. Looking up almost nervously, breaking the heated bubble around them, but neither party cared, “How bad is the stretch gonna hurt?”

Dream shined an amused grin, rolling his tongue letting out a grunt when George's hands picked up speed, “At first maybe, that's why I'm letting you sink down on my cock yourself.” Dragging the pale man in by his waist, dainty hands still teasing around the bigger man's cock, “We'll use the color system, I'll listen right away.” Voice delicate again, caring – flushing fuchsia at the tone.

They had talked about it before, well versed in what he means by it. Pressing their foreheads together, sticking together with sweaty need, “Yeah, I'll speak up if anything, I promise.” Embarrassingly letting out a whimper as their mouths clash, tongues and ivory roaming – prodding to taste the sin laced behind the other's teeth.

Pulling away with a grunt, fingers around Dreams shaft thighing, “Great, then I can make you feel good, pretty.” Voice is torn between this demanding and caring one, making all nerves in George's body buzz, looking into jade – swimming in his blow-out pupils. Wanting to be good for him – to be used in a *good* way.

Whispering as cocoa mixed with the jade in Dreams irises, both speckled with mutual want, “I'll be foul, George, don't worry. I'll break you so pretty.” Perking his lips, talking like he has some sort of higher status than the smaller, confidence melting of his tongue like it's second nature, “And, I'll mean every filthy thing I'll tell you.”

Brown eyes wide, hazed with desperation – looking up at him with dumbfounded doe-eyes, hanging on to every word the blond muttered as he positioned himself over the other man's cock, “Please.”

Skimming his finger over George's jaw – feathering his strawberry-tinted cheeks, “But I don't mean what I say outside of this – outside of the bedroom.” Worrying his lips sitting with Dream's tip flushed to his rim, but not pressing in, listing to golden words. He knew the other man didn't mean it, that it was a faux persona for the new scene around them – figuring the man needed the reassurance for himself, so he hummed with big eyes and a *yes Dream*.

“I don't actually wanna hurt you,” the blond stated again before a smirk started forming, pushing his hips to tease the tip against the tight muscle, voice gravely, “But I wanna see you fucking cry.”

Bruised lips parting in a silent gasp at the words, fingertips pulsating. Pushing down on his length hurriedly, tired of the teasing – just as the tip broke through it *burned* , letting out a genuine whine sitting straight back up.

“Shh pretty, go slower, take your time.” Dream smiled.

George had a pout on his face as he got pulled into a tan neck, resting his weight on the man's chest, hands skimming over his torso, feeling tan muscles ripple under his touch, “I’m sorry.” He murmured into sun-kissed skin, kissing lazily at the man's throat positioning himself again.

Big hands roamed his back, gently coaxing his body to relax, “Don’t say sorry.” And his commanding voice was back like George had just muttered the stupid sentence in existens, “Take your time.” He highlights again, letting the brunette toy with the flesh on his neck as a distraction.

A shallow breath sinking again – this time slower, it stung but not as bad as prior, choking as Dreams flushed tip entered. Swallowing around nothing, pink numbing his skin as he went down centimeter by centimeter at his own pace.

Hands on his figure starting to up their pace, mapping out every doll trait and blemish on George's body with his palms, voice straining, “There you go, fuck.”

Sucking in bronzed flesh between his teeth, eyes screwed shut feeling salt melt under his tongue. Removing his mouth from his neck, a line of spit connecting him from where he was drooling, *fucking drooling* , voice breathless in this weird euphoria, “Oh god.” He must have been halfway in, it felt like getting gradually filled, like getting stuffed after a big dinner.

“You feel so fucking good around me, George, don't worry, take your time.”

Cocoa eyes rolling back with a deep grunt stilling on the blond’s pelvis, butterflies tickling every limb, all the way to his toes making them curl. Dreams cock hitting the golden spot right away – this constant pressure behind his gut shooting warmth over his hips back down to his cock. As soon as he was fully inside George's body felt like melting into intense enjoyment, rim contracting around Dream’s girth, getting used to it, “D’rm.” Voice straining, nostrils flaring to breathe harder.

Chuckling, “I know, baby.”

Surprised his own cock managed to stay hard during the process, he would have expected it to flutter from the tingle of maroon burnings. Removing himself from the man's neck to look at him, jade eyes hooded with a glint of desire, sandy bangs sticking to his damp skin.

And George just kept looking at him with a clenched jaw, the pink pressure deep in his gut buzzing for every second Dream was pressed against the nerve. Holding a silent tension-loaded staring contest as hands tightened around his slim waist.

Pale jaw slacking and dropping immediately when he decided to circle his hips, choking on fuchsia moans getting caught in his throat as he repeated the action. Not fucking himself on the other, but rather massaging his insides with rolls of his hips – clenching around the length, fuzzy ecstasy bathing every nerve-ending possible, “Fuck–f–”

The feeling of being full of someone–being full of Dream–was mentally stimulating as well as physically. *Wanting* to be full of Dream, *loving* being full of Dream. Mind swarming with sun-kissed skin and toned muscles, mean green piercing him, “Full.” Eyes clouding impossibly more, looking at the man like he's lost, mouth open like he's thirsty.

The blond grinned darkly at that, starting to carefully rut his hips up in time with George's small rolls, and the little extra movement rendered the brunet speechless, gaping. “You feel full, George?”

“Yes, yes shit, yes.” He whimpered out, pink tingling becoming unbearable as he got more desperate to feel more. Furrowing his brows, plush tongue poking out his lips in concentration–like a determinant cat–lifting his hips to slide down again, eyes rolling with a gasp, “Oh my god.” Fuchsia exploded over his skin as the warmth boiled behind his gut–loving it–daring to do it again as Dream dug his nails into pale skin, clearly containing himself, but staying quiet letting the smaller continue his venture bouncing on his length.

Sinking up and down more confident with every thrust, not able to hold back as moans fell over like a prayer. Falling into his own colorful void as fuzz filled his mind. Almost forgetting the man under him, too greedy with exploring this newfound feeling – goosebumps rising every time his rim glided over the blond's shaft, only to slam down harder to hit that one spot with more intensity – spreading pink and violet fireworks from behind his bladder up to the tips of his ears, “Shit-oh–”

Cracking his eyes open to look at the other. He was leaning against the headboard with a tense flushed face. Hazed jade eyes looked in awe, taking in all of George – studying how he's losing himself on his cock. Their eyes met as the brunet moved faster with a moan, and Dream's face switched, slowly plastering a faint smirk on honey lips, ivory shining behind the pink bitten flesh.

The blond never broke the hooded gaze, the smirk never flattering as he thrust his hips up to meet Georges. Holding the burning stare he silently pointed his head down in the direction of their connected bodies, quietly telling George to look down. So brown eyes shifted down with a faint tremble to his lips, jolting as Dream went a little deeper when George looked where he wanted. Grunting but staying quiet, letting the brunet explore himself.

George's eyes widen with a high-pitched whimper, almost coughing on spit as the inside of his mouth starts drooling pink again. Eyebrows shot up to his damp hairline watching how his own lower abdomen got sucked in every time Dreams cock retreated, and how it protruded with every hard return.

Voice shaky, accent growing thicker, “Dream—” singing his name to alert him, even if the blond was the one that showed him. George was just too out of his mind to comprehend it, floating in bliss as he got fucked into from beneath at a mediocre pace. A dainty hand holding onto a tan shoulder, the other lashing onto his own stomach – eyes glossing over feeling the bulge under his palm, how his tummy shifted and grew with every calculated thrust, taking in a sharp intake of air, “Oh my go-”

“I could fucking rip you to shreds, George.” Dream's voice startled him when he spoke after what felt like ages, tone murky – back to this dark cocky one. Sending all emotions dancing around the brunet's skull, falling in this heated bubble back down on earth with the blond. Cock bouncing where it hangs neglected – chocolate bangs swaying in front of his wet vision looking up again.

Moaning out as he rounded out brown eyes, jaw permanently stuck open. Almost pleading with green irises to understand how good he feels, thighs straining as he slams down on the blond's cock wanting it harder, wanting it faster, sending electric sparks to his fingertips. Mumbling a plea as his left eye fully blurred with liquid arousal, tethering his lash line before it fell over – wetting a flushed cheek.

He sees the blond falter and his heart jumps like a needy kid, wanting the other to just ruin him.

“Are you ok, colo-”

Whining cut him off, placing both his hands on Dreams shoulders, digging blunt nails into his skin leaving crimson indents, voice rough and slurry, “Yeah. Good, full-feel good.” Mouth like pink syrup.

Sparks fly through his body seeing jade eyes glinting, a faux sneer present on honey lips as he grabs George's sides harder – in a quick motion flipping them, laying the brunet on his back. A tan

hand finding home on his inner thigh, pressing his left thigh flushed to the bed – giving him leverage to slam into the smaller boy deeper.

And he does just that, picking up his hips to go hard, “Watch your fucking mouth, and let me speak,” resting his other hand by George's head – head going limp, jolting in time with the rocking thrust to his lower body, letting out a half yell as his sweat spot got hit overwhelmingly, “Acting like such a whore.”

Slender hands clenching around the duvet – white cotton bunching in his fists, eyes fluttered shut with choked sounds. Pressuring in his gut feeling like pink molten lava, leaving him useless to think one coherent thought, “Please, I–fuck, please–”

Georges begs and pleas puking out as Dream ups his hips – sandy bangs swaying over murky green, voice fucked out and mocking, “Do you even know what your begging for?”

He didn't know.

Everything just feels too fucking good, almost *too* good. His toes curl into the sheets, locking eyes again. He didn't know what he was begging for, just spewing words, whines and mumbles as cocoa irises wetted again, tear dropping off his right eye, trailing down to the corner of his mouth – tasting like dull salt, “I-I don't know–”

“You just begging for fun–”

The brunet cuts him off with a grunt, “God please.”

Disappointed clicking of a golden tongue can be heard in the haze of it all, removing the grip he had on a slender thigh – hitting down on the sensitive skin, slap echoing off the dim bedroom walls. Talking slow and contained in contrast to the slamming of his hips, “I said watch it, didn't I?”

George whimpers from the carmine hit to his flesh, prickling before dabbing off to pleasure shooting through his cock, making it twitch lewdly. Coughing on another pink moan before giggling, breathlessly laughing, “W-what? You gonna punish me, Dream?” A small voice in his brain telling him to call the man sir as an extra mock, before ending up singing the man's name formally instead.

Dream just quietly smiles a sharp grin, yanking George's arms up – ripping them off from where he was holding on to the duvet, pinning both his wrists over the brunet's head in one hand. Pressing *hard* surly leaves magenta prints around pale wrists.

Dream roughly pulls out – leaving Georges gasping with a sound of disagreement, bottom lip quivering a faint tremble as everything felt empty, trashing against his bounds as Dream moves up the bed. Milky face contorted to this offended look, fuming over the pause in pleasure.

Jade green burn holes in George's body, never looking at his face. Acting ignorant, the blond starts stroking his own cock, letting lose a deep grunt bouncing off the bedroom walls sinfully. Holding his slim wrist tighter when the brunet's hands fought back.

Breath hiccuping in desperation, sour chocolate melting off his deepening accent, “N-no! What are you doing?”

Dream ignores him again, eyes roaming the slender boy like some sort of live-action porno to jack off to, like an object not worthy of his time. George catches his bruised lip to stop the tremble, rutting his hips into nothingness with a broken whine. Every vein in his body screaming–unknown butterflies grazing up his esophagus, “No don't–”

Not letting the brunet speak, cutting him off, talking like he wasn't there, “Fuck, could cum on your pretty body, leave you sobbing and hard.” Dream moved his hand faster, and George panicked – irises filling to the brim with pink frustration as his cock perked from the notion of being ignored. A mixture of lube and pre-cum got dragged from Dream's shaft up to his angered flushed tip, dripping down to George's stomach creating a messy puddle.

This alluring black void clouded his head, washing over his spine in fear of not getting to cum.

Looking up at him with rounded eyes – eyes finally allowing the tears to skim over his lash line, wetting his under bags. A combination of a sob and a scoff, “Dream!” A hiccup as his insides burned for any form of touch, the blond jerking himself off faster with a moan.

“I'm sorry–fuck!” Flexing his fingers, “I'll do anything, please, just touch me again.”

Sadistic jade eyes finally look at him, hazed over with this dark cloud, voice dropping dangerously, “I'm in control, don't think you can keep cutting me off like that.” Looking George up and down with faux disgust, pressing his wrist harder to the bed, upping his fist again.

George just bit back a sob, mouth forming to a pout – sending the meanest glare he could muster up to green eyes, not looking threatening at all with tears streaming down rose-tinted cheeks. Dream just grinned tauntingly at him back, never breaking from the wet gaze as he spits down on his own cock to lube it more, running a thumb over his slit.

“Keep crying for me George, see how far it gets you,” Dream cut himself off as George hiccuped, the dam of tears on his lash line freely falling – slim hands trashing to get loose, to which Dream snickers at, “That's it, just like that,” squeezing his flushed tip with a honey moan. Brown cocoa eyes watch with dread as more pre-cum dripped out from the bigger man's cock, “Keep looking desperate and needy for me, it's gonna help me cum faster.”

Heartbeat rising, feeling his own pulse points thumping under Dreams palm on his wrists. Cock twitching from the whole scene, embarrassment burns his skin as his own length leaks with a second twitch, mixing with the blond's sticky mess already dripping onto George's lower abdomen – both men dirtying the brunet's tummy with their fucked up sin.

The embarrassment of the situation making him aroused, rounding his eyes more feeling tears graze his cupid's bow, “Please don't, don't cum.”

"I can hold you down and jerk off—cum on your pretty thighs if you keep being disrespectful.”

Moist cocoa eyes flutter with a quiet moan at the words. Clenching his jaw with a rut to his hip in defeat, lightly coughing from a stutter in his lungs. Sense of disappointing Dream swirling his bones, he lets out in a wet voice, “I wan-wanna be good for you.” Tips of his brows furrowing in the shyness of giving himself all up to the blond, his other half bathing in the intimacy of it. “I'm sorry, Dream.”

They caught each other eyes again, green basking in lustful awe, “Repeat what you did wrong, George.”

Grunting with a sneer, holding back dignity, “I-I cut you off and—”

Dream slowed the pace of his fist, “Go on.”

Mind running at record speed, pink shooting to his fingertips laying himself flat with a sniff, gut churning as he ground his teeth – gritting out, “I cut you off.” Sending a look up at the other,

hoping he would see how ashamed he for some reason felt, whispering out, “And talked back when you slapped me.”

Lightly letting go of George's wrist with a last squeeze. Brown eyes widened in pure joy as his heart skipped a beat having done something good according to the blond.

“You’re nothing more than a thigh hole for me to use, so be obedient.” Dream spat as he moved down the bed.

He knows it's all for show, but god, his stomach flipped all shades of erotic colors getting talked down to, moaning out, “Yes, yes I promise, yes—” as the blond pushes in again with a tsk, “Thank you-thank you.”

Starting off with deep thrusts, holding down the brunet's waist to slam him down his cock in tandem, “There you go, there are your manners.” He taunted with that mocking golden laugh, sending George spiraling, hiccuping as his nerve got drilled into harder than before – sparks of fuzz filling his lungs, mind starting to short-circuit as this orgasmic feeling overtook again.

He felt like he was getting drilled into by a fucking machine, a dry sob falling out as Dream leaned down, spreading his bronze thighs for better footing to speed his hips, “I think I can say it now: you’re such a sexy fucking mess,” Georges breath hitched at the words, pink pressure in his gut building slowly from the unexpected praise, “Being such a good boy for me.”

He tried his best to hold the burning stern gaze, feeling like he was falling in a trance, hypnotized by the blond's words, hanging on to every command he would spew. Brown eyes big as all he could think of was Dream and the pink fuzz that accompanied him. The blond spoke up again, with a hard jerk of his hip, “Tell me what you are.”

Moans fell over as Dream started hammering into him, legs starting to shake from the strain in his muscles getting fucked into. Watching the blond like he was the only thing that mattered – wanting the man to be happy with him, staring deeply into the eyes of other, “I’m your good boy– an m-mess, I can’t–” whining over the overwhelming tension in his body.

Dream grinned at him seductively, moving a hand to press down his hips to go even rougher, the other hand grabbing George's chin, yanking him to open his cocoa eyes more, “What would you say *I am* then, George?”

A pink pulse shoots through his body over the dark rumble of a voice, lost in fuzzy clouds the brunet babbles out, sounding whiney, “Drea–sir!” He chokes out, furrowing the tips of his brows as he watches Dream's face fall a little while stuttering his hips. He didn't really mean to call him that, but the bossing around – the way he talked, it just felt right in the bliss of it all. Seeing the blond get so affected by it was a plus.

“Fucking Christ, George.” Noses bump as their bodies moves roughly in tandem – headboard smacking the wall with every pleasurable wave hitting their gut. Panting in each other's mouths, slick cherry lips skimming – tongues dancing around together at some points.

Everything was intense, he loved topping – breaking people in bed. But being fucked into the sheets himself–like he's nothing but a toy–is by far the most pleasurable sensation he's ever experienced. Pink rippling every tendon on his body. He would still like topping, it just wouldn't be the same raw pleasure.

Cocoa brown roll back with a grunt as the tension started building faster, throwing his head back, thighing the hold he had on the blond's bicep, “Don't stop, ple–don't stop.”

Dream just huffs as he drills into the smaller, leaving him choking on air, fangs latching onto a pale neck – sucking and soothing. Pink tears brimming his eyes again, legs buzzing as it felt like his cock got edged from the inside like prior, almost a bratty smile on his face losing himself to the over-worldly feeling.

The blond grunts into alabaster skin, squeezing the boy's hip to slam into him, Dreams pelvis hitting Georges rim trying to get as deep as possible, moist stripes painting a flushed face. Moans and skin hitting skin with force bouncing off the walls, painting them in a layer of sin.

Before abruptly stopping.

Stilling completely inside the brunet, holding his hips down with an iron hold he hoped would bruise, leave his body with marks to remind him of who broke him. A wet ugly sob set free, “No–” grinding his hips against Dreams hands–as he got denied for a second time tonight–trying to get any friction, but to no avail. Clenching around his length, body trying to get it moving.

“How many times do I have to fucking tell you: don't tell me what to do.” Sliding out halfway, leaving just his tip inside the brunet, making Georges sobs and hiccups fall freely, “*Don't stop, don't stop*,” Dream taunted, this power hunger speckle in his irises, “It's gonna take a while to hammer in your bratty head: *you have no fucking control here*.”

His cock pulsates at the words, pumping out more mess on George's abdomen. Sniffing as he saw Dream's eyes study his tears, how the blond licked his lips digging nails into doll skin watching—enjoying Georges cries.

Trying to play off it, rounding out his eyes to look up at him, fluttering his lashes rapidly to get the last tears to fall over — seeping over his chin, one landing over his cupid's bow as he speaks with a fucked out voice, “Sorry, sir.” His heart flipped with slight embarrassment saying the words, but it somehow turned him on even more — how it made him feel humiliated referring to someone like this, choking on a pink wail as he tries again with a furrow to his brows, “I-I’m sorry, sir, I—”

He felt the blond's cock tense inside him.

Dream had ripped away from him, standing on the back of his calves — watching George squirm and make a show out of himself in silence, almost torturous. The only thing connecting them was the blond's cock-head still laying heavy on the brunet's rim — and hands holding his hips down.

“Please—”

Dream just slowly starts fucking his flushed tip in and out of George's hole listing to the begs, “Pathetic.” It was a new kinda feeling, it was good — sending arousing sparks to his chest. But it wasn't that gut-churning pressure he got from the other ramming into him.

It was frustrating.

Just a tease, a phantom reminder of what his full size felt like filling him up — instead he got these short pumps of Dreams tip dragging in and out of his rim. A measly wet, “Please, fuck please, I’ll beg—” cutting himself off with a hiccup, slamming his fist down in the mattress when his body starts aching again, knuckle white grip on the duvet, gritting his teeth, “Please?”

Dream smile grew, flashing his sharp fangs, “No.”

“Fu-fuck, Dream,” Lungs stuttering in the intake of air, mouth turned into a pout again — looking like an offended cat. Heart hammering his ribcage, “Ple—sir!”

“No!” Dream raised his voice back to match Georges. Cocoa and jade irises fighting through heated looks, both with bratty sneers on their lips.

Stamping the sole of his foot in the mattress, "Please, I'll be good, I'll call you sir—"

"You already do that 'cause you're a slut, 'cause you know whose in fucking control here." Pushing back in once to let the boy under him *feel* what he's missing out on.

George stopped all his movement to just think – think of the words Dream was spewing. Letting them dance around his head with pink goosebumps.

Before biting back all pride he's ever known .

Hiccupping hard trying not to cry, voice weak–shy almost, "Ok, your right, I-I'm a slut," mind arguing with itself over how this humiliation is turning him on – how Dream licks his lips looking ready to hunt him down makes the tip of his cock wet, "And-and you're in control."

Looking on the brink of actually breaking out in full-blown cries, sending a death glare to jade eyes as theirs a moment of silence after his pathetic embarrassment, Dream just darkly smiling at him. A high-pitched, “Oh my god.” As Dream *suddenly* slammed in again, starting right off the bat at an ungodly pace, making all the air push out of his lungs.

“I won’t tell you again,” Dream paused his sentence to moan out himself, breathless but still rough around the edges, “Next time I’ll tie you down and cum on you like cum-dump.”

Gargled whines of pleasure danced around the room again, pink heating up leaving them gasping, mumbling thank yous and pleas.

Slowing his hips, still going hard – just not as fast, he whispers directly in the brunet's ear, “I wanna fucking ruin you for anyone else,” confidence dripping of his syllables, quickly stopping the soft pace to rather start jackhammering into him, “Want you feeling me in your gut for days.” Pulling George’s earlobe between his canines, before slowing his hips again – teasing him with the different movements.

“Mh–ye–” George gaped, eyes fluttering as Dreams spit in his palm to slap it down on a slender thigh. Whimpering over the pink sting before he feels a hand around his cock distracting him from

the warm prickle – starting to jerk him off in time with the blond's hips, “Holy shi–”

“You look like a pretty used whore like this.”

Dream focused all his movement on the boy's length, George didn't even notice as he got gradually used as a cock-warmer, in too much bliss squirming over the hand building pressure in his lower region, Making him lay there with a mouth open with small huffs as Dream tactfully jerked him to completion – hips still, “Dream–plea–”

Pink in his gut bubbling intensely – every muscle in his body flexing on the brink of realizing, choked grunts trying to chase that rapid fuzz spreading up to his scalp and down his back, toes curling on uncurling in the sheets as his eyes lay shut, vision swimming with every color like pastels fireworks. A shaky moan as he felt the orgasm right around the corner, the world around disappearing as he's sent reeling down a warm void.

Clenching down around Dreams cock, as he was seconds away from ecstasy – and Dream felt it as he removed his hand stopping it, making brown eye shoot up with dread falling over him – catching honey lips smirk before he could say anything, everything goes white and pink as Dream started to slamming into him again – hitting right up at the bundle of nerve right away.

Half yelling as the ruined orgasm came washing over him ten times more intense, pressing his heels down on the mattress as he sobbed out one last time, cum shooting up making a mess of both chests – some going so far to hit himself on the chin.

“Such a–such a good slut cumming untouched for me.”

Eyes and jaw locked shut as moans tried to escape through closed lips, body getting jolted by Dreams animalistic hips. Euphoria hit his body like a truck repeatedly, bathing in the hot pink waves letting out a breath he didn't know he was holding. Slurry words as he almost drooled, spit in the corner of his mouth, “Th'nk you sir–”

Legs trembling as the fuzzy shocks to his body kept coming – never experienced anything like it, “C'm in m–” too tired to even finish the sentiment, moaning stretching his neck, gut twisting as the last drop of cum seeped out by his navel. Leaving his insides and cock pulsating, muscles contracting as he lazily fucks himself on Dreams cock that had stilled, noticing through the haze the other had finished.

Having no concept of how long they lay there basking in after glory. Letting out a stubborn whine with eyes still closed as he got dragged off the cock, picked up in hard arms – bouncing as they fall back down on the mattress. Dream pulling George on his chest – stroking through his chocolate locks with shaky hands, dark strands getting tangled in the webs of tan fingers.

Just making a noise as he buries his face in the crook of Dream's neck, hands tiredly on the man's peck with a slight tremble to them, "T'nk you—" words getting muffled in sweaty skin, almost ending the sentence with *sir* out of this new instinct.

"Shh, I know, baby." Delivering a silken kiss to the crown of George's head. Feelings his legs contract as Dream continue, "You did so well," skimming his hands over the brunet back, gently tracing his spine leaving muted pastel colors, "Were so good for me. So, so good."

A cold shiver ran through his body as slight dread washed over, orgasm shimmering down. The blond pulled a light blanket over them—wrapping his arms around the smaller man's figure—trying to soothe away unease that would come in after-shock, "I really like you, George, like, care about you outside sex."

The praise made him sink further into the other, heart beating rapidly with a quiet noise as the other kept softly saying his golden words, "So pretty for me, thank you for being so good today."

"T'nk you." He mumbled groggily back again, cheeks flaring crimson from all the attention.

"Idiot, stop thanking me, relax," tone light-hearted, ghosting his lips on George's forehead, whispering against his clammy skin, "You did nothing wrong, were so perfect for me."

"Id'ot." He mocked, even if the words put the flame in his body to rest – calmed the flutter in his heart, that little spark of nerves getting blown away with honey words. Moving his head to lay on the side of his face, never opening his eyes, slurring out, "Y' did good too," pressing his face into his chest harder, essences of Dream and old sex consuming his senses, "I liked how you treated me, don't w'rry."

He felt the blond smile against the top of his head over the reassurance, "Good, I wanna make you feel good."

They stay cooling down, the taller kissing away the nerves with mumbled sweet nothings before George smiled to himself, "So *sir*, huh?"

Dream choked before clearing his throat in an excuse, “You started it!” He laughed out, tightening his arms around the smaller man, George's face vibrating from the rumbles in his chest as his own lips spread to a grin.

“You’re the one blowing your load to—to me calling you sir!”

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